At a Quarter till Four

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/50133355.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Cole Cassidy/Hanzo Shimada
Characters:	Cole Cassidy (Overwatch), Hanzo Shimada
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Nightmares, Fluff, Insomniac Hanzo Shimada, Men Crying, Dialogue Heavy, I'll add more tags later I'm strugging rn, Angst, Light Angst
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-09-17 Words: 1,309 Chapters: 1/1

At a Quarter till Four

by melanieanne

Summary

Cassidy had a nightmare for once, and Hanzo "woke up" to comfort him.

Notes

I may make minor edits later, but I'm trying to teach myself that it's okay to post things that aren't "perfect" and not hold onto stories because I MIGHT make changes later or add things. So yeah, just a heads up I suppose.

Mini vent over, enjoy! <3

Hanzo was no stranger to troubles in bed. No, not *those* kinds of troubles. It was always about sleep. Getting to sleep, staying asleep, oversleeping; having a normal sleep was so incredibly rare, but Hanzo was used to it, as sad as that was.

It was one of those nights. He quietly snuck into the bedroom, trying to navigate his way in without any light. He didn't want to wake his partner, Cassidy, who went to bed hours ago. The LED lights on the alarm clock were blurry because Hanzo was so tired, but he squinted to try and read them. It was already nearly 4 A.M. He shook his head. He knew he should've at least tried to lay down sooner, but he didn't. He knew it wouldn't have done any good anyway, but he still should've tried.

Lifting his corner of the sheets, he lightly shifted himself into bed, pausing whenever he thought he heard Cassidy moving. He couldn't wake him up. He refused to wake him up. He didn't want to ruin both of their sleeps that night, or any night for that matter.

Hanzo laid there, trying to not look at the clock. He stared at the ceiling. He moved onto his side. He flipped his pillow several times, trying to fluff it a bit in the process. He hated it. He hated everything about this. Sleep was such a natural thing. Everyone needs to sleep. But Hanzo was so terribly bad at it.

He blamed his past. It would often dredge up and rear its ugly head moments before he was able to pass out. He would see his brother, bleeding and stumbling from the wounds Hanzo inflicted upon him. He'd see himself holding the blade, he could still feel the steel in his palm.

Hanzo grunted and shook his head. Damn. Something from so long ago—something that he'd made amends with Genji over years ago—still haunted him. It loomed over his side of the bed like a toxic little pity cloud. No matter what Hanzo did, that cloud rained horrible memories, regretful things over him as he tried to fall asleep.

The LEDs on the alarm were almost as bright as the sun itself, and he pulled his sheets over his head to try and cover them. Anything to help get him to sleep. At this rate, Cassidy would be getting up to start his day and Hanzo would still be laying here, exhausted and defeated by his insomnia.

He heard Cassidy stirring from the other side of the bed with a light moan. He held his breath as if he'd wake the man fully if he breathed too heavily. For a moment, it was quiet again, just the gentle chirp of crickets in the darkness outside.

Hanzo finally exhaled through his nose, eyelids beginning to feel heavy. Maybe he would get some sleep after all.

Hanzo's eyes snapped open almost immediately when a low, distressed sound whimpered out of his partner. He poked his head out from his sheets, unable to see anything in the dark. All he knew was Cassidy was on his side, facing away from Hanzo, breathing heavier yet more erratically. He couldn't tell if he was awake or not.

“Cass,” Hanzo whispered. “Cass, are you alright?” There was no response, just quiet again. Hanzo pouted. The man seemed to have fallen back asleep. He figured that was a good thing, so he too tried to get to sleep.

Hanzo again got almost all the way asleep when Cassidy’s heel smashed into his shin. Hanzo jolted awake with a cry, instinctively grabbing at the aching spot. It didn’t last long though, his attention being pulled towards the again erratic breathing and the uncomfortable groans. Cassidy twisted and turned, sheets tangling around him a little. Hanzo was worried but wasn’t sure what to do. He tried to call Cassidy’s name again, but didn’t get anything. Clearly Cassidy was in distress, asleep or not.

Finally, Cassidy sat up in the bed, slowly. His breathing slowed, seeming to look around and process where he was. Hanzo stayed silent for the moment. For all the times Hanzo’d been woken up by a nightmare, he couldn’t remember ever being on the other side of it.

Hanzo had no idea what to do. He felt that it should be obvious, that he should sit up too and talk to Cassidy. He was briefly paralyzed, maybe afraid of his partner knowing about the troubles he’d been having all night to fall asleep.

But there was an unmistakable sound of a sniffle and a thick swallow. Cassidy was crying. Hanzo feigned waking up, shifting with a grunt before sitting up a bit.

“Cass?” He said softly. “What’s the matter?”

“Oh,” Cassidy again sniffled, the sound of him moving to wipe his eyes was obvious. “Just… just a bad dream darlin’, I’m…I’m alright.”

“Are you sure? You kicked me.”

“Shit, I did?” The apologetic sadness was apparent in his voice. “Did I wake you up, honeybee?”

“Not exactly,” Hanzo sighed, sitting up completely and clicking on the dimmed bedside light. Even with the tiny bit of light, Hanzo saw everything.

Cassidy’s cheeks were flushed, his beautiful dark eyes were damp and puffy. The man quickly looked away. It felt so strange, or a little strange. It’s like Cassidy didn’t want to bother Hanzo with whatever his brain tried to torment him with, though he’d comforted Hanzo through many nightmares in the past.

“Sorry,” Cassidy said quietly. Hanzo could help the small, incredulous chuckle that huffed out of him.

“Why on earth are you apologizing to me?”

“Cuz I kicked ya,” Cassidy spoke faster, clearly beginning to cry again. “Cuz I woke ya up when I know you’ve been goin’ through it. You prolly just got to sleep for the first time in days and I just went and ruined—”

Hanzo grabbed Cassidy by the strap of his crimson tank top and pulled him into a tight embrace. One of his hands wrapped around the man's head, underneath his hair and held his head down to his shoulder.

"Enough," Hanzo whispered firmly into his ear. "That's enough, Cole." Hanzo had to hold his own tears in when Cassidy collapsed against him, sobs wracking his body. He hushed him lightly, holding him as closely as he could. "You're okay, dearest, it's okay."

"It felt so fuckin' real…" he said. "It felt so fuckin' real."

"It wasn't," Hanzo reassured him. "Whatever it is, it wasn't." He pressed a kiss to Cassidy's forehead.

Hanzo sat there, holding Cassidy for quite some time. Before they knew it, the sunrise was beginning to peek through their blinds.

"I'm sorry, Hani," Cassidy said. "I didn't mean to keep you up like this." Hanzo grabbed his chin and pulled him into a kiss.

"Hush," he forced a smile. "You've nothing to be sorry for, trust me." He could see Cassidy was planning on arguing against that, but instead the man rested his head on Hanzo's chest.

"Alright."

Hanzo stroked his hair, all the way down his back, stopping at his shoulders on the way past. He rubbed Cassidy's back, rubbing circles over the cotton tank top before reaching under it. He smiled sadly at the sound his partner made. It was a sound that seemed like Cassidy needed the touch, while also being ashamed for wanting to be comforted. The least Hanzo could do was return the favor Cassidy had granted him several times over during their relationship up until this point.

"Will you be okay, Cole?"

"Think so," he said, tightening his hold on Hanzo a bit. "Now that you're here."

"That's right," he replied sweetly. "I am not going anywhere." A yawn interrupted Hanzo's thought as he reached to turn the light off. "I'm not going anywhere, I promise."

"Good."

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